

ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. VIII.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

NO. 17.

Arizona Central Bank

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

THE OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN ARIZONA.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Collections a Specialty.

REFERENCE:

W. H. Strong, President A. T. & S. F. Railroad Co.; Mills Wainwright, Managing Director Arizona Cattle Company, St. Louis, Mo.; Bank of California, San Francisco.

Your Banking Business Solicited.

J. H. HOSKINS, Jr., Cashier.

PROFESSIONAL.

STEWART & DOE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, OFFICE-4 DOORS west of the Bank Hotel, Flagstaff, Arizona.

ROSS & VAN HORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, OFFICE IN ARIZONA Central Bank Building, Flagstaff, Arizona.

DR. J. M. MARSHALL, DENTIST, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. OFFICE in C. F. KATHWEN'S building, south side of railroad track.

DE. D. J. BRANNEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad.

P. G. COORNEIGH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE IN Duggan's building, Flagstaff, Arizona. Will answer calls on the A. & P. R. R.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 22, meets at 9 A. M. Hall every two weeks on Thursday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 7, F. & A. M., Regular meetings of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in K. of L. Hall. Visiting Brothers in good standing cordially invited to attend.

O. E. S.

MOUNT PRISCO CHAPTER, No. 4, O. E. S. Regular conventions in Masonic Hall second and fourth Friday nights in each month.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

STATED CONVENTIONS on the third Saturday in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 P. M. Visiting Companions are cordially invited.

RANSOM POST.

No. 4, G. A. R., meets at Grand Army Hall, on the second and last Saturday in each month. Visiting Companions are invited to attend.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE.

No. 8, K. of P., Regular convention of this Lodge held every Tuesday evening in K. of L. Hall. Brethren in good standing are cordially invited.

STOCKMEN!

ATTENTION!

I will give you special bargains in

Ranches

—AND—

Ranges

For Small or Large Herds of Cattle.

Patented Ranges for sale, with or without stock. Can furnish Bulls or Stallions, thoroughbred or grades, at reasonable prices. Also Stock Cattle and Horses. Have a number of Family Residences for sale cheap for cash, in desirable locations. For particulars call on or address

W. G. STEWART, Flagstaff, Arizona.

All Correspondence will Receive Prompt Attention.

REFERENCE:—Bank of Arizona, Prescott, Ariz.; Arizona Lumber Co., Flagstaff.

BABY OWNED THE CAR.

A Blue Eyed Tot Charms a Crowd of Passengers.

THE GENTLEMEN WANTED TO KISS HER.

How the old Lady's Heart was Softened—Baby Proclivities.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars.

Then as she became used to the roar and rumble the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child.

He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned, but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile.

The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home."

But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head it made such a comical picture that the old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing.

Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and everyone was envying him. The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby.

The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification.

The conductor caught the fever and chuckled the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo.

The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red ribbon and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek.

It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, were to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which everybody responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat.

The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.—Orphans' Friend.

The Galley Slave. Think of six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy bar (15 feet long), bending forward to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise; and then, having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on the groaning bench. A galley car sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain or other sailor in such a stress puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his oar (which often happens) he is flogged till he is taken for dead, and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea.—Stanley Lane Pool.

A Queer Interdict. In Glasgow, Scotland, recently Sheriff Lees decided a very unusual case. George Sharp, builder, applied to have a Jane Hannah, a friend of his wife, interdicted from entering his house in his absence. Jane defended the case, stating that she had Mrs. Sharp's permission to enter the house. This was not denied by Mr. Sharp, but he stood on his rights that Mrs. Sharp could not receive any visitor—not even a near relative—against his wishes. This contention, the sheriff says, is sound law, and has granted the interdict asked.—London Letter.

Far Ahead of Darwin. A Chicago man is lecturing on a theory of evolution that annihilates Darwin. He believes that man is a development from plants through the brute kind. This Chinaman, he says, sprang from an alligator, the alligator from a pine log and the pine from electricity in the earth. The negro came from the gorilla, the Englishman from the bulldog, the Irishman from the terrier and the German from the goose.—New York Evening World.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

An American Girl Declines to Dance with His Royal Highness.

The only snub the prince of Wales ever received at Homburg was administered by an American girl and in such a manner as to take the breath away from her mother. It was the season the prince fell on the salon floor with Miss Winslow while waiting. He had overcharged himself with wine while at dinner. Presently he caught sight of this southern girl, distinguished looking, handsome and fashionably fond of dancing, who had some days previous been introduced to him. He dispatched an enquiry to summon her for a waltz. On the instant and while her mother was dumfounded for want of a suitable reply she said: "Convey my regrets to his royal highness and inform him that I shall dance no more this season."

"But you forget, Miss Winslow," continued the emissary, "that this is a royal command." "And you forget, sir, that I am an American and am not accustomed to obeying royal commands."

At this the enquiry vanished and the young lady's mother recovered her breath. The plucky southerner kept her word by abstaining from dancing the remainder of the season.—Chicago News.

Webster as a Sportsman. The Boston Commonwealth relates what it says is a hitherto unpublished story of Daniel Webster. One autumn during the prevalence of a strong northeasterly storm, Mr. Webster, in company with some two dozen other sportsmen, went to Brant Rock to shoot ducks. The birds were flying in considerable numbers, but only a few passed over the rock, and consequently the prospect for fat bags was rather slim. However, the tide of Mr. Webster's luck was turned before the day was over in the following manner: Two adventurous sportsmen were cruising in a small boat off the rock, popping away at the birds in a lively fashion that filled the sportsmen on the rock with envy. Suddenly a flock of about thirty brant heaved in sight near the boat, and when within range the floating gunners began to pour into the midst of them, dropping several. The birds, confused by the discharge of firearms and the loss of some of their number, wheeled and made directly for the rock. As they passed over every gun was, of course, discharged, and all but two or three of the flock fell upon the rock. A question that at once presented itself, of course, was, "Who killed the birds?" Each one of the twenty-four sportsmen was sure that at least two or three birds had fallen before his gun, and as there were only some two dozen birds in all killed, it did not look as if a division of the spoil could be readily accomplished. Mr. Webster, however, was equal to the occasion. Assuming a mock judicial air, he addressed the group of excited gunners: "My friends," said he, "this case is easy of adjudication; I'll buy the birds and you can divide the money." And this ruling of the "court" was accepted.

Stories of Beau Brummell. Beau Brummell, the glass of fashion in his day, died in poverty at Chislehurst. Many droll stories are told of him. He was once met limping on Bond Street. On being asked what was the matter, he replied that he had caught a cold in his favorite leg, adding: "I left my carriage yesterday evening on my way to town from the pavilion, and the infidel of a handmaid put me in a room with a damp stranger."

Meeting Lady — at Ascot, he entered into conversation with her, on which she expressed surprise that he should waste his time on so unfashionable a person, and begged him to think of the risk he ran of being seen.

"My dear lady," he replied, "pray don't mention it; there is no one near us."

The story of "Wales, ring the bell," Brummell always denied, but it is quite true that after his quarrel with the prince, on meeting his royal highness, who was determined to give him the dead end, Brummell turned to the friend he was walking with, whom the prince had accosted, and coolly asked: "Who's your fat friend?"

Brummell once borrowed £500 from a gentleman. Some time afterward the lender pressed for his debt, on which Brummell declared he had paid him.

"Paid me!" said the gentleman, "when?"

"When?" cried Brummell indignantly, "why, when I was standing at the window at White's and said as you passed: 'Ah, how do you do, Jemmy?'"

Spicy Correspondence of Statesmen. The courtesies extended between members of the early California legislature were often characteristic of the times. A great deal of the bitterness which was then felt between the friends of the great San Francisco vigilance committee and the members of the law and order party was constantly cropping up. Many anti-vigilance bills were introduced and one in particular by Harvey Lee provoked much discussion, although it was filled with absurd and unbecoming provisions. Lee, being of an ardent temperament, spoke long and warmly for his bill. A crushing reply was made by Caleb Burbank, who was a man of large physique, as well as strong intellect, and afraid of nothing. He had scarcely taken his seat when a page handed him a note, which read as follows:

"Burbank: 'Sir—If you ever refer to me in that manner again I shall take occasion to visit my desk with a bowie knife. H. Lee.' To which the following reply was promptly sent:

"H. Lee: 'Sir—Whenever you find occasion to visit my desk with a bowie knife be sure and fetch a pair to carry home your entrails in.'—Bancroft's Popular Tribunal.

Max O'Rell's English. "I have lived so long in England that I feel almost an Englishman, however," said M. Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, to a New York reporter lately. "Still, I speak with a French accent, as you will readily notice. And that reminds me. I delivered a lecture in Scotland—I have since written 'Friend MacDonald'—and in apologizing for my bad English, as is my usual wont, a big, ruddy Scotlman stood up and shouted: 'Don't apologise. Yer speak English quite as well as ourself!'"

Long Sermons. Mr. Spurgeon, in the annual meeting of his evangelists, thus speaks of the longwindedness of certain preachers: "There are some preachers who ought to have two pounds of Chapman & Hall's gunpowder sewed in their trousers, to go off when they get to 'secondly,' and there were some brethren whom he was afraid to ask to preach, because he never knew whether they would leave off or not."

The Attack to Be Renewed. Young Man—I love your daughter, sir, devotedly. May I hope for a blessing from you? Old Man—Have you spoken to my daughter about the subject? Young Man—Yes, and she refused me. Old Man—Well, doesn't that settle it? Young Man—No, sir. You forget that I am a life insurance agent, and never take in for an answer.—New York Sun.

OVER WILD BILL'S GRAVE.

Salutes in Honor of the Dead Shot's Memory.

HOW THE FRONTIERSMEN REMEMBER HIM

\$15,000 Offered for his Body for Exhibition Purposes.

There has been another red letter day in the history of Deadwood. That was the day on which Wild Bill was killed by McCaull. Though a popular man, Bill was a dead shot, and McCaull could not have killed him if he had not approached him treacherously. McCaull was immediately locked up, but the excitement became so great that a mob assembled for the purpose of trying, convicting and lynching him. While the proceedings were in progress the clatter of hoofs was heard and a man on horseback appeared riding at full speed with his reins in his teeth and with a rifle in one hand and an Indian's dripping head in the other. He had shot and killed the Indian just outside of Deadwood, and the event was considered of so much importance that the crowd forgot its lynching and proceeded to gratify its thirst for vengeance by contemplating the gory trophy which rolled at its feet. McCaull was afterward taken to Yankton, where he was hanged by the neck in a lawful manner.

Wild Bill was buried in the old cemetery with a rude white board at his head, but five years later some of his friends exhumed the body and gave it proper burial in the new cemetery on Mount Moriah. It was reported at that time that Wild Bill's body had turned to stone, and a man came here not long afterward and offered the undertaker \$15,000 if he would help him steal it for purposes of exhibition. Since then there have been many inquiries about the case, but no one believes that the body was petrified. Bill's new grave on the mountain top shows that it is the resort of many curiosity seekers. A path is worn across lots to it from the main wagon road, and the white headboard has been whittled away by relic hunters until it resembles a big toothpick.

One man appears to have worked a knot out of the board, and the ground all about the well beaten grave is covered with cartridge shells. There are frontiersmen, it appears, who show their regard for Bill's memory by standing upon his grave and emptying their revolvers into the air, throwing away their cartridge shells as they reload. The other day the city marshal found it necessary to run in one of these fellows, who had done little else for a week except shoot his revolvers over Wild Bill's grave. The man appeared to have a genuine regard for the dead man's memory, and as he submitted to arrest he expressed his sense of the outrage in most forcible terms.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Low Tragedy, in Three Acts.

A Boston man has a twin brother living in the west who looks very much like him. The other morning the Boston twin, after being shaved, went home and found there his brother, who had just come east. The western twin needed shaving badly, and was directed to the barber shop. He entered and seated himself, but the barber paid no attention to him. "What's the matter with you?" said the western twin after waiting long enough. "Why don't you shave me?" "Why, I've just shaved you," said the barber. "Much you did," said the twin. "Look at my face." The barber looked at a big, black beard of a week's growth, felt of it to assure himself that his eye was not deceiving him, and burst out: "If you can raise a beard like that in twenty minutes you'd better go into the mattress business."—Chicago News.

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Cotton Stalk Bagging. The manufacture of bagging from the cotton stalk, which was commenced not long ago, is rapidly on the increase. Expert cotton men declare the product to be fully equal to any other bagging material, being quite as strong as jute, less inflammable and only a shade darker. The cotton stalks have heretofore been a troublesome incumbrance of the gleaned fields. They had to be beaten down and burned or plowed in for the succeeding crop. They are now, however, worth \$2 a ton to the manufacturer, and so constitute a very handsome source of revenue.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

It Makes a Difference. Husband (all ready for the theatre)—I declare, dear, it's raining hard. Wife (outdressing her gloves)—Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church.—Harper's Bazar.

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Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's greatest peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

No men are perfect. Some men think they are and enjoy their belief all by themselves.

Georgia has a silver throated mule. It is a case of veterinary tracheotomy.

Kerosene Jake's Unea. Rest.

A reporter wandered into a Bowery museum the other day. Having made his peace with the stout man who presided over the tickets, he inspected the aggregation of wonders assembled within. Among them was a colored man in tomato tinted tights, who was perched on a platform without any apparent occupation. He was a man about 25 years of age, and seemed to have no sufficient deformity to warrant his presence. The scribbles having run over in mind the wild man of Borneo, the seven cannibal brothers and other great names in history without satisfactorily placing the man in tomato tights, repaired to the gate keeper for information. That functionary was a man wearing a dirty collar three sizes too large, so that his head looked like a house with a fence around it.

"Surprisin' wonder," he said in answer to the reporter's query about the colored curiosity within. "That, sir, is Kerosene Jake, though just now he is only just doing the head act."

"What is that?" "Standing on his head when the audience requests."

"Why do you call him Kerosene Jake?" asked the reporter. "Well, you see it's this way," said the gate-man confidentially, expelling sufficient tobacco juice to keep his mouth in conversational trim: "he's the champion kerosene drinker of America—thinks nothing of drinking four pints a day—and takes to it," added the gate-man reflectively, "just like it was beer. Well, sir, he kept to work drinkin' way into Jolly till we hit that hot spell. The thermometer upstairs climb up to 100, and all the time Jake was a drinkin' cheap grade oil 150 fire test. You see that's only allowin' him 40 degs. margin before explosion! So me and the manager consulted and put Jake on the head act until winter. You can see for yourself, young fellow, we couldn't afford to run no risks, and have Kerosene Jake bust in the dull season."—New York Tribune.

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THE ARIZONA Timber & Lumber Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PINE LUMBER, SURFACED, MATCHED, GROOVED

Flooring, Siding, Molding, Rustic, Shingles, Lath, Bridge Timbers, Sawed and Hewn Cross Ties, Piling, Mining Timbers, Car Sills and Telegraph Poles.

D. M. RIORDAN, Manager, T. A. RIORDAN, Assistant Manager, F. W. SIBSON, Treasurer, M. J. RIORDAN, Secretary. FLAGSTAFF, - - - ARIZONA.

S. MARTIN, Liquor : Store.

FAMILY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Keeps the finest brands of Wines, Whiskies and Cigars.

Milwaukee Beer Always on Hand,

Which is Imported by the Car Load.

Office and Store south side of Railroad Depot, FLAGSTAFF, - - - ARIZONA.

BANK HOTEL

RAILROAD AVENUE, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

Having opened the above House I will Spare No Pains to make it

Leading Hotel of Arizona.

ROOMS BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

Also Dining Room attached, where nothing but the best the market affords is served to our guests.